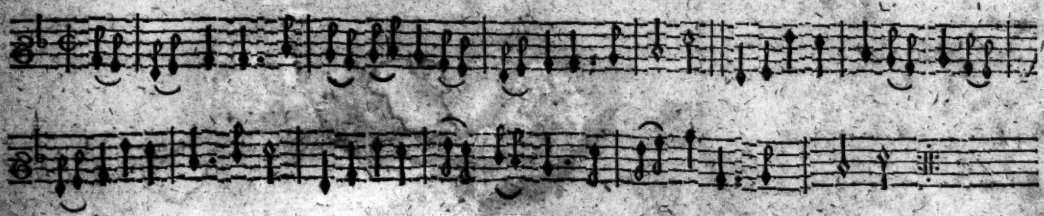
The Whigs in Mourning
For the Loss of Their CHARTER.

To the Tune of, *Let the* Whigs *repine, and all combine, &c.*



I.

LEt the snarling *Whig*
Ne'r look so big,
Nor once pretend to mutter;
Now their *Charter's* gone,
They sigh and moan,
And keep a woundy clutter:
Hanging down their pensive ears,
They mourn the sad disaster
That fill'd their heads with causless fears
Of Royal *CHARLES* their Master.

II.

Let their curst PLOT
Be quite forgot
And their damn'd ASSOCIATION;
Let their minds be bent,
To circumvent
The *Toneys* of the Nation:
To Justice bring all canting Rogues,
Who teach the Rabble Notions,
And at *Tyburn* let the Dogs
Pay all their last Devotions.

III.

Let's all rejoyce,
That Whig *D——is*
And *P——lon* are detected,
That their *Whiggish May'r*,
Who'd usurp the *Chair*,
Was shamefully rejected:
Patience teach you to beware
Of *Perjury* and *Treason*;
Hang up *Baldwin, Curtis, Care*,
Since 'tis but Law and Reason.

IV.

Let *Robin* swear,
And *Tommy* stare
Like men bereft of sense;
Let *Hu——nd* strut,
And *Je——ll* fret,
For their loss, and vast expences:
Let damn'd *Titus* bounce and crack,
And swagger like a Carter,
Throw the Knaves upon their backs
That took away the CHARTER.

V.

Let the *Whiggish Fops*
Shut up their Shops,
And then commit a Ryot;
But I'd advise
The Cits be wise
And study to be quiet.
Curses ever more attend
Their arbitrary actions,
Hemp and Faggot put an end
To all their Feuds and Factions.

VI.

But alas! the Saints
With sorrow faint,
To see this fatal minute,
And curse too late
That Imp of State
That brought the CITY in it.
Settle left 'em in the nick
Of all their tears and sorrow,
And when he saw the Cause lie sick,
He bid the *Whigs* good morrow.

VII.

When the *Trimmer* meets
A *Whig*, he greets
Him with this dreadful story;
Quoth he, Not far
From *Temple-bar*
I heard a wicked TORY
Drinking our new CHARTERS health,
('Tis true, as God shall sa' me,)
Wishing those no Joy nor Wealth,
That love not CHARLES and JEMMY.

FINIS.

LONDON: Printed for *Patrick True*, 1683.